CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE HISTORY OF Mr. *Bragwell*; or, the *Two Wealthy Farmers*.

PART III.

Sold by J. MARSHALL,

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[*Entered at Stationers Hall.*]

The HISTORY, &c.

MR. BRAGWELL when he returned home from his visit to Mr. Worthy, as recorded in the Second Part of this History, found that he was not quite so happy as he had formerly been. The discourses of Mr. Worthy had broken in not a little on his comfort. And he began to suspect that he was not so completely in the right as his vanity had led him to believe. He seemed also to feel less satisfaction in the idle gentility of his own daughters, since he had been witness to the simplicity, modesty, and usefulness of those of Mr. Worthy. And he could not help seeing that the vulgar violence of his wife did not produce so much family happiness at home, as the humble piety and quiet diligence of Mrs. Worthy produced in the house of his friend.

Happy would it have been for Mr. Bragwell, if he had followed up those new convictions of his own mind, which would have led him to struggle against the power of evil principles in himself, and to have removed the force of evil habits in his family. But his convictions were just strong enough to make him uneasy under his errors, without driving him to reform them. The slight impression soon wore off, and he fell back into his old practices. Still his esteem for Mr. Worthy was not at all abated by the plain dealing of that honest friend. It is true he dreaded his piercing eye. He felt that his example held out a constant reproof to himself. Yet such is the force of early affection and rooted reverence, that he longed to see him at his house. This desire, indeed, as is commonly the case, was

made up of mixed motives. He wished for the plea-
sure of his friend's company; he longed for the
favorite triumph of a vulgar mind, an opportunity
of shewing him his riches; and he thought it would
raise his credit in the world, to have a man of
Mr. Worthy's character at his house.

Mr. Bragwell, it is true, still went on with the
same eagerness in gaining money, and the same
ostentation in spending it. But though he was as
covetous as ever, he was not quite so sure that it
was right to be so. At Christmas, indeed, while he
was actually engaged abroad in transactions with
his dealers, he was not very scrupulous about the
means by which he got his money; and while he
was indulging in festivity with his friends at home,
he was early enough as to the manner in which he
spent it. But a man can neither be making bar-
gains, nor making feasts always; there must be
some intervals between these two great objects for
which worldly men may be said to live; and in
some of these intervals the most worldly form, per-
haps, some random plans of amendment. And
though many a one may say in the fullness of enjoy-
ment, "tomorrow shall be as this day, and more
abundant;" yet hardly any man perhaps allows
himself to say, even in his most secret moments,
"I will *never* retire from business—I will *never* re-
pent—I will *never* think of death. Eternity shall never
come into my thoughts." The most that such an one
probably ventures to say is, "I need not repent yet;
I will continue such a sin a little longer, it will be
time enough to think on the next world when I am
no longer fit for the business of this."

Such was the case with Bragwell. He set upon

own mind a general diſtant ſort of reſolution, at *ſome years hence*, when he ſhould be a *few years older*, and a *few* thouſands richer; when a few more of his *preſent ſchemes ſhould be compleated*, he would then think of altering his courſe of life. He would then certainly ſet about ſpending a religious old age; he would reform ſome practices in his dealings, or perhaps quit buſineſs intirely; he would think about reading good books, and when he had compleated ſuch and ſuch a purchaſe, he would even begin to give ſomething to the poor, but at preſent he really had little to ſpare for charity. The very reaſon why he ſhould have given more, was juſt the cauſe he aſſigned for not giving at all, namely, the *hardneſs of the times*. The true grand ſource of charity, ſelf-denial, never came into his head. *Spend leſs* that you may *ſave* more, he would have thought a ſhrewd maxim enough. But *ſpend leſs* that you may *ſpare more*, never entered into his book of Proverbs.

At length the time came when Mr. Worthy had promiſed to return his viſit. It was indeed a little haſtened by notice that Mr. Bragwell would have, in the courſe of the week, a piece of land to ſell by auction; and though Mr. Worthy believed the price was likely to be above his pocket, yet he knew it was an occaſion which would be likely to bring the principal Farmers of that neighbourhood together, ſome of whom he wanted to meet. And it was on this occaſion that Mr. Bragwell prided himſelf, that he ſhould ſhew his neighbours ſo ſenſible a man as his dear friend Mr. Worthy.

Worthy arrived at his friend's houſe on the Saturday, time enough to ſee the houſe and garden and grounds of Mr. Bragwell by day-light. He ſaw

with pleaſure, for he had a warm and generous heart, thoſe evident ſigns of his friend's proſperity, but as he was a man of a ſober mind, and was a moſt exact dealer in truth, he never allowed his tongue the licence of immodeſt commendation, which he uſed to ſay either ſavoured of flattery or envy. Indeed he never rated mere worldly things ſo highly as to beſtow upon them undue praiſe. His calm approbation ſomewhat diſappointed the vanity of Mr. Bragwell, who could not help ſecretly ſuſpecting that his friend, as good a man as he was, was not quite free from envy. He felt, however, very much inclined to forgive this jealouſy, which he feared the ſight of his ample property, and handſome habitation, muſt naturally awaken in the mind of a man whoſe own poſſeſſions were ſo ſuperior. He practiſed the uſual trick of ordinary and vulgar minds, that of pretending himſelf to find ſome fault with thoſe things which were particularly deſerving praiſe, when he found Worthy diſpoſed to paſs them over in ſilence.

When they came in to ſupper, he affected to talk of the comforts of Mr. Worthy's *little* parlour, by way of calling his attention to his own large one. He repeated the word *ſnug*, as applied to every thing at Mr. Worthy's, with the plain deſign to make compariſons favourable to his own more ample domains. He contrived, as he paſſed by to his chair, by a ſeeming accident, to puſh open the door of a large beaufet in the parlour in which all the finery was moſt oſtentatiouſly ſet out to view. He proteſted, with a look of ſatisfaction which belied his words, that for his part he did not care a farthing for all this trumpery; and then ſmiling and rubbing his hands, added with an air of no

ſmall importance, "what a good thing it is, though for people of ſubſtance, that the tax on plate was taken off. You are a happy man, Mr. Worthy, you do not feel theſe things, tax or no tax it is all the ſame to you." He took care during this ſpeech, by a caſt of his eye, to direct Mr. Worthy's attention to a great profuſion of the brighteſt cups, ſalvers, and tankards, and other ſhining ornaments which crowded the beaufet. Mr. Worthy gravely anſwered, "Mr. Bragwell, it was indeed a tax which could not affect ſo plain a man as myſelf, but as it fell on a mere luxury and therefore could not hurt the poor, I was always ſorry that it could not be made productive enough to be continued. A man in my middling ſituation, who is contented with a good glaſs of beer, poured from a handſome earthen mug, the glaſs, the mug, and the beer, all of Engliſh manufacture, will be but little diſturbed at taxes on plate or on wine, but he will regret, as I do, that many old taxes are ſo much evaded, that new ones are continually brought on to make up the deficiencies of the former."

During ſupper the young ladies ſat in diſdainful ſilence, not deigning to beſtow the ſmalleſt civility on ſo plain a man as Mr. Worthy. They left the room with their Mamma as ſoon as poſſible, being impatient to get away to ridicule their father's mind.

The Dance; or, the *Chriſtmas Merry-making.*

AS ſoon as they were gone, Mr. Worthy aſked Bragwell how his family comforts ſtood, and how his daughters, who, he ſaid, were really fine young women, went on. "O, as to that," replied Bragwell, "pretty much like other men's handſome daughters,

I ſuppoſe, that is worſe and worſe. I really begin to apprehend that their fantaſtical notions have gained ſuch a head, that after all the money I have ſcraped together, I ſhall never get them well married. Betſey has juſt loſt as good an offer as any girl could deſire, young Wilſon, an honeſt ſubſtantial grazier as any in the county. He not only knows every thing proper for his ſtation, but is pleaſing in his behaviour, and a pretty ſcholar into the bargain; he reads hiſtory-books and voyages of a winter's evening to his infirm father, inſtead of going to the card aſſembly in our town; neither likes drinking nor ſporting, and is a ſort of favourite with our Parſon, becauſe he takes in the weekly numbers of a fine Bible with Cuts, and ſubſcribes to the Sunday School, and makes a fuſs about helping the poor, theſe dear times as they call them, but I think they are good times for us Mr. Worthy. Well, for all this, Betſey only deſpiſed him and laughed at him; but as he is both handſome and rich, I thought ſhe might come round at laſt. And ſo I invited him to come and ſtay a day or two at Chriſtmas, when we have always a little ſort of merry-making here. But it would not do. He ſcorned to talk that palavering ſtuff which ſhe has been uſed to in the marble covered books I told you of. He told her indeed, that it would be the happineſs of his heart to live with her, which I own I thought was as much as could be expected of any man. But Miſs had no notion of marrying one who was only deſirous of living with her. No no, forſooth, her lover muſt declare himſelf ready to die for her, which honeſt Wilſon was not ſuch a fool as to offer to do. In the afternoon, however, he got a little into her favour by making

out a Rebus or two in the Lady's Diary, and ſhe condeſcended to ſay ſhe did not think Mr. Wilſon had been ſo good a ſcholar, but he ſoon ſpoilt all again. We had a bit of a hop in the evening. The young man, though he had not much taſte for thoſe ſort of gambols, yet thought he could foot it a little in the old faſhioned way. So he aſked Betſey to be his partner. But when he aſked what dance they ſhould call, Miſs drew up her head, and in a ſtrange gibberiſh, ſaid ſhe ſhould dance nothing but a *Minuet de la Cour*, and ordered him to call it; Wilſon ſtared, and honeſtly told her ſhe muſt call it herſelf, for he could neither ſpell nor pronounce ſuch outlandiſh words. I burſt out a laughing, and told him, I ſuppoſed it was ſomething like queſtions and commands, and if ſo, that was much merrier than dancing. Seeing her partner ſtanding ſtock ſtill, and not knowing how to get out of the ſcrape, the girl began by herſelf, and fell to ſwimming, and ſinking, and capering, and flouriſhing, and poſturing, for all the world juſt like the man on the ſlack rope at our fair. But ſeeing Wilſon ſtanding like a ſtuck pig, and we all laughing at her, ſhe reſolved to wreak her malice upon him; ſo with a look of rage and diſdain, ſhe adviſed him to go down country bumkin, with the dairy maid, who would make a much fitter partner, as well as wife, for him than ſhe could. "I am quite of your mind, Miſs," ſaid he, "with more ſpirit than I thought was in him; "you may make a good partner for a dance, but you would make a ſad one to go through life with. I will take my leave of you, Miſs, with this ſhort ſtory. I had lately a pretty large concern in hay-jobbing, which took me to London. I waited a good while in the Hay-market for my dealer, and

to pass the time I stepped into a sort of singing play house there, where I was grieved to the heart to see young women painted and dizened out, and capering away just as you have been doing. I thought it bad enough, and wondered the quality could be entertained with such indecent mummery. But little did I think to meet with the same paint, finery, and tricks in a farm house. I will never marry a woman who despises me, nor the station in which I should place her, and so I take my leave." Poor girl how she *was* provoked! to be publicly refused and turned off, as it were, by a grazier! But it was of use to some of the other girls who have not held up their heads quite so high since, nor painted quite so red, but have condescended to speak to their equals.

"But how I run on! I forget it is Saturday night, and that I ought to be paying my workmen, who are all waiting for me without."

Saturday Night; or, the *Workmen's Wages*.

AS soon as Mr. Bragwell had done paying his men, Mr. Worthy said to him, "I have made it a habit, and I hope not an unprofitable one, of trying to turn to some moral use, not only all the events of daily life, but all the employments of it too. And though it occurs so often, I hardly know one that sets me a thinking more seriously than the ordinary business you have been just discharging." "Aye," said Bragwell, "it sets me thinking too, and seriously as you say, when I observe how much the price of wages is increased." "Yes, yes, you are ready enough to think of that," said Worthy, "but you say not a word of how much the value of your land is increased, and that the more

you pay, the more you can afford to pay. But the thoughts I ſpoke of are quite of another caſt. When I call in my labourers on a Saturday night to pay them, it often brings to my mind the great and general day of account, when I, and you, and all of us, ſhall be called to our grand and awful reckoning, when we ſhall go to receive *our* wages, maſter, and ſervants, farmer and labourer. When I ſee that one of my men has failed of the wages he ſhould have received, becauſe he has been idling at a fair; another has loſt a day by a drinking bout, a third confeſſes that though he had talk-work and might have earned full more, yet he has been careleſs and has not his full pay to receive; this, I ſay, ſometimes ſets me on thinking whether I alſo have made the moſt of my time. And when I come to pay even the more diligent who have worked all the week; when I reflect that even theſe have done no more than it was their duty to do, I cannot help ſaying to myſelf, night is come, Saturday night is come. No repentance or diligence on the part of theſe poor men can now make a bad week's work good. This week is gone into eternity. To-morrow is the ſeaſon of reſt, working time is over. My life alſo will ſoon be ſwallowed up in eternity; ſoon the ſpace allotted me for diligence, for labour, will be over. Soon will the grand queſtion be aſked, "what haſt thou done? Didſt thou uſe thy working days to the end for which they were given?" With ſome ſuch thoughts I commonly go to bed, and they help to quicken me to a keener diligence for the next week.

Some Account of a Sunday in Mr. Bragwell's Family.

Mr. WORTHY had been for ſo many years uſed to the ſober ways of his own well ordered family, that he greatly diſliked to paſs a Sunday in

any house of which Religion was not the governing principle. Indeed he commonly ordered his affairs, and regulated his journies with an eye to this object. "To pass a Sunday in an irreligious family," said he, "is always unpleasant, often unsafe. I seldom find I can do them any good, and they may perhaps do me some harm. At least I am giving a sanction to their manner of passing it, if I pass it in the same manner. If I reprove them, I subject myself to the charge of singularity, and of being 'righteous over much;' if I do not reprove them, I confirm and strengthen them in evil. And whether I reprove them or not, I certainly partake of their guilt if I spend it as they do."

He had, however, so strong a desire to be useful to Mr. Bragwell, that he at length determined to break through his practice, and pass the Sunday at his house. Mr. Worthy was surprised to find that though the Church bell was going, the breakfast was not ready, and expressed his wonder how this should be the case in so industrious a family. Bragwell made some awkward excuses. He said his wife worked her servants so hard all the week, that even she, as notable as she was, a little relaxed from the strictness of her demands on Sunday mornings; and he owned that in a general way, no one was up early enough for Church. He confessed that his wife commonly spent the morning in making puddings, pies, and cakes, to last through the week, as Sunday was the only leisure time she and her maids had. Mr. Worthy soon saw an uncommon bustle in the house. All hands were busy. It was nothing but baking and boiling, and frying, and roasting, and running, and scolding, and eating. The boy was kept from

Church to clean the plate, the man to gather the fruit, the miſtreſs to make the cheeſe-cakes, the maids to dreſs the dinner, and the young ladies to dreſs themſelves.

The truth was, Mrs. Bragwell, who had heard much of the order and good management of Mr. Worthy's family, but who looked down with diſdain upon them as far leſs rich than herſelf, was reſolved to indulge her vanity on the preſent occaſion. She was determined to be even with Mrs. Worthy, in whoſe praiſes Bragwell had been ſo loud, and felt no ſmall pleaſure in the hope of making her gueſt uneaſy, when he ſhould be ſtruck with the diſplay both of her ſkill and her wealth. Mr. Worthy was indeed ſtruck to behold as large a dinner as he had been uſed to ſee at a Juſtice's meeting. He, whoſe frugal and pious wife had accuſtomed him only to ſuch a Sunday's dinner as could be dreſſed without keeping any one from church, when he ſurveyed the loaded table of his friend, inſtead of feeling that envy which theſe grand preparations were meant to raiſe, felt nothing but diſguſt at the vanity of his friend's wife, mixed with much thankfulneſs for the piety of his own.

After having made the dinner wait a long time, the Miſs Bragwells marched in, dreſſed as if they were going to the Aſſize-Ball; they looked very ſcornful at having been ſo hurried; though they had been dreſſing ever ſince they got up, and their fond father, when he ſaw them ſo fine, forgave all their impertinence, and caſt an eye of triumph on Mr. Worthy, who felt he had never loved his own humble daughters ſo well as at that moment.

In the afternoon, the whole party went to church. To do them juſtice, it was indeed their common practice once a day, when the weather was good,

and the road neither dusty nor dirty, when the Minister did not begin too early, when the young Ladies had not been disappointed of their new bonnets on the Saturday night, and when they had no smart company in the house who rather wished to stay at home. When this last was the case, which, to say the truth, happened pretty often, it was thought a piece of good manners to conform to the humour of the guests. Mr. Bragwell had this day forborne to ask any of his usual company, well knowing that their vain and worldly conversation would only serve to draw on him some new reprimand from his guest.

Mrs. Bragwell and her daughters picked up as usual a good deal of acquaintance at church. Many compliments passed, and much of the news of the week was retailed before the service began. They waited with impatience for the lessons as a licensed season for whispering, and the subject begun during the lessons was finished while they were singing. The young Ladies made an appointment for the afternoon with a friend in the next pew, while their Mamma took the opportunity of enquiring the character of a Dairy Maid, which she observed with a compliment to her own good management, would save time on a week day.

Mr. Worthy, who found himself quite in a new world, returned home with his friend alone. In the evening he ventured to ask Bragwell, if he did not, on a Sunday night at least, make it a custom to read and pray with his family. Bragwell told him, he was sorry to say he had no family at home, else he should like to do it for the sake of example. But as his servants worked hard all the week, his wife was of opinion that they should then have a little holiday. Mr. Worthy pressed it how-

upon him, if the utter neglect of his ſervants' principles was not likely to make a heavy article in his final account: and aſked him if he did not believe that the too general liberty of meeting together, jaunting and diverting themſelves, on Sunday evenings, was not often found to produce the worſt effects on the morals of ſervants and the good order of families? "I put it to your conſcience," ſaid he, "Mr. Bragwell, whether Sunday, which was meant as a bleſſing and a benefit, is not, as it is commonly kept, turned into the moſt miſchievous part of the week, by the ſelfiſh kindneſs of maſters, who, not daring to ſet their ſervants about any public work, allot them that day to follow their own devices, that they themſelves may with more rigour refuſe them a little indulgence and a reaſonable holiday in the working part of the week, which a good ſervant has now and then a fair right to expect. Theſe maſters who will give them half or all the Lord's Day, will not ſpare them a ſingle hour of a working day. *Their* work *muſt* be done; GOD's work may be let alone."

Mr. Bragwell owned that Sunday had produced many miſchiefs in his own family. That the young men and maids, having no eye upon them, frequently went to improper places with other ſervants, turned adrift like themſelves. That in theſe parties the poor girls were too frequently led aſtray, and the men got to public houſes and fives-playing. But it was none of his buſineſs to watch them. His family only did as others do; indeed it was his wife's concern; and as ſhe was ſo good a manager on other days, that ſhe would not ſpare them an hour even to viſit a ſick father or mother, it would be hard, ſhe ſaid, if they might not have Sunday afternoon to themſelves, and ſhe could not blame them for

making the moſt of it. Indeed, ſhe was ſo indulgent in this particular, that ſhe often excuſed the men from going to church that they might ſerve the beaſts, and the maids that they might get the milking done before the holiday part of the evening came on. She would not indeed hear of any competition between doing *her* work and taking their pleaſure; but when the difference lay between their going to church and taking their pleaſure, he muſt ſay that for his wife, ſhe always inclined to the good-natured ſide of the queſtion. She is ſtrict enough in keeping them ſober, becauſe drunkenneſs is a coſtly ſin, and, to do her juſtice, ſhe does not care how little they ſin at her expence.

"Well," ſaid Mr. Worthy, "I always like to examine both ſides fairly, and to ſee the different effects of oppoſite practices; now, which plan produces the greateſt ſhare of comfort to the maſter and of profit to the ſervants in the long run? Your ſervants, 'tis likely, are very much attached to you, and very fond of living where they get their own way in ſo great a point."

"O, as to that," replied Bragwell, "you are quite out. My houſe is a ſcene of diſcord, mutiny, and diſcontent. And though there is not a better manager in England than my wife, yet ſhe is always changing her ſervants, ſo that every Quarter-day is a ſort of Gaol Delivery at my houſe; and when they go off, as they often do, at a moment's warning, to own the truth, I often give them money privately, that they may not carry my wife before the Juſtice to get their wages."

"I ſee," ſaid Mr. Worthy, "that all your complainces do not procure you even domeſtic happineſs. As to my own family, I take care to let them ſee that their pleaſure is bound up with

their duty, and that what they may call my ſtrictneſs, has nothing in view but their ſafety and happineſs. By this means I commonly gain their love as well as ſecure their obedience. I know that with all my care I am liable to be diſappointed, from the corruption that is in the world through ſin. But whenever this happens, ſo far from encouraging me in remiſſneſs, it only ſerves to quicken my zeal. If, by God's bleſſing, my ſervant turns out a good Chriſtian, I have been an humble inſtrumen in his hand of ſaving a ſoul committed to my charge."

Mrs. Bragwell came home, but brought only one of her daughters with her, the other, ſhe ſaid, had given them the ſlip, and was gone with a young friend, and would not return for a day or two. Mr. Bragwell was greatly diſpleaſed, as he knew that young friend had but a ſlight character, and kept bad acquaintances. Mrs. Bragwell came in, all hurry and buſtle, ſaying, if her family did not "go to bed with the Lamb" on Sundays, when they had nothing to do, how could they "riſe with the Lark" on Mondays, when ſo much was to be done.

Mr. Worthy had this night much matter for reflexion. "We need not," ſaid he, "go into the great world to look for diſſipation and vanity. We can find both in a farm-houſe. As for me and my houſe," continued he, "we will ſerve the Lord every day, but eſpecially on Sundays. It is the day which the Lord hath made: hath made for himſelf; we will rejoice in it, and conſider the religious uſe of it not only as a duty but as a privilege."

The next morning Mr. Bragwell and his friend ſet out early for the Golden Lion. What paſſed on this little journey, my readers ſhall hear next month.

(To be continued.) Z.

THE

HISTORY

OF THE

TWO WEALTHY FARMERS;

OR, A

New DIALOGUE, between

Mr. BRAGWELL and Mr. WORTHY.

PART IV.

Sold by J. MARSHALL,

(PRINTER to the CHEAP REPOSITORY for Religious and Moral Tracts) No. 17, Queen-Street, Cheapside, and No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard, LONDON.

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THE

Two Wealthy Farmers, &c.

IT was mentioned in the laſt part of this History, that the chief reaſon which had drawn Mr. Worthy to viſit his friend juſt at the preſent time, was, that Mr. Bragwell had a ſmall eſtate to ſell by auction. Mr. Worthy, though he did not think he ſhould be a bidder, wiſhed to be preſent, as he had buſineſs to ſettle with one or two perſons who were expected at the Golden Lion on that day, and he had put off this viſit till he had ſeen the ſale advertiſed in the Country Paper.

Mr. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy ſet out early on the Monday morning on their way to the Golden Lion, a ſmall Inn in a neighbouring market town. As they had time before them, they had agreed to ride ſlowly, that they might converſe on ſome uſeful

ſubject; but here, as uſual, they had two opinions about the ſame thing. Mr. Bragwell's notion of an uſeful ſubject was, ſomething by which money was to be got, and a good bargain ſtruck. Mr. Worthy was no leſs a man of buſineſs than his friend. His ſchemes were wiſe, and his calculations juſt; his reputation for integrity and good ſenſe made him the common judge and umpire in his neighbours' affairs, while no one paid a more exact attention to every tranſaction of his own. But the buſineſs of getting money was not with him the firſt, much leſs was it the whole concern of the day. Every morning when he roſe, he remembered that he had a Maker to worſhip as well as a family to maintain. Religion, however, never made him neglect buſineſs, though it ſometimes led him to poſtpone it. He uſed to ſay, no man had any reaſon to expect God's bleſſing through the day who did not aſk it in the morning. But he had not the leſs ſenſe, ſpirit, and activity when he was among men abroad, becauſe he had firſt ſerved God at home.

As theſe two Farmers rode along, Mr. Worthy took occaſion, from the fineneſs of the day, and the beauty of the country through which they paſſed, to turn the diſcourſe to the goodneſs of God and our infinite obligations to him. He knew that the tranſition from thankſgiving to prayer would be natural and eaſy, and he therefore ſlid, by degrees, into that important ſubject; and he obſerved that ſecret prayer was a duty of univerſal obligation, which every man had it in his power to fulfil, and which, if ſeriouſly believed, was the ground work of all religious practice, and of all devout affections.

Mr. Bragwell felt conſcious that he was very negligent and irregular in the performance of this duty, he conſidered it as a mere ceremony, or at leaſt as a duty which might give way to the ſlighteſt temptation of drowſineſs at night, or of buſineſs in the morning. As he knew he did not live in the conſcientious performance of this practice, he tried to ward off the ſubject, knowing what a home way his friend had of putting things. At laſt he ſaid, he certainly thought private prayer a good cuſtom, eſpecially for people who have time, and that thoſe who were ſick, or old, or out of buſineſs, could not do better, but that, for his part, he believed much of theſe ſort of things was not expected from men in active life.

Mr. Worthy. I ſhould think Mr. Bragwell, that thoſe who are moſt expoſed to temptation ſtand moſt in need of prayer, now there are few methinks who are more expoſed to temptation than men in buſineſs, for thoſe muſt be in moſt danger, at leaſt from the world, who have moſt to do with it. And if this be true, ought we not to prepare ourſelves in the cloſet for the trials of the market, the field, and the ſhop?

Bragwell. For my part, I think example is the whole of Religion, and if the maſter of a family is orderly, and regular, and goes to church, he does every thing which can be required of him, and no one has a right to call him to account for any thing more.

Worthy. Give me leave to [illegible]

that highly as I rate a good example, ſtill I muſt ſet a good principle above it. I muſt keep good order indeed, for the ſake of others; but I muſt keep a good conſcience for my own ſake. To God I owe ſecret piety, I muſt therefore pray to him in private.—To my family I owe a Chriſtian example, and for that, among other reaſons, I muſt not fail to go to Church.

Bragwell. You are talking, Mr. Worthy, as if I were an enemy to Chriſtianity. Sir, I am no Heathen. Sir, I belong to the Church. I always drink proſperity to the Church. You yourſelf, as ſtrict as you are, in never miſſing it twice a day, are not a warmer friend to the Church than I am.

Worthy. That is to ſay, you know its value as an inſtitution, but you do not ſeem to know that a man may be very irreligious under the beſt religious inſtitutions; and that even the moſt excellent of them are but *means* of being religious, and are no more religion itſelf than brick and mortar are prayers and thankſgivings. I ſhall never think, however, high their profeſſion, and even however regular their attendance, and thoſe men truly reſpect the Church, who bring home little of that religion which is taught in it into their own families, or their own hearts. Excuſe me, Mr. Bragwell.

Bragwell. Mr. Worthy, I am perſuaded that religion is quite a proper thing for the poor; and I don't think that the multitude can ever be kept in order without it, and I am a bit of a politician you know.

Worthy. Your opinion is very juſt, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, ſince it does not go to the root of the evil, for while you value yourſelf on the ſoundneſs of this principle as a politician, I wiſh you to ſee the reaſon of it as a Chriſtian; depend upon it, if Religion be good for the community at large, it is equally good for every family; and what is right for a family is equally right for each individual in it. You have therefore yourſelf brought the moſt unanſwerable argument why you ought to be religious, by aſking how we ſhall keep others in order without Religion. For, believe me, Mr. Bragwell, there is no particular clauſe to except you in the Goſpel. No exceptions in favour of any one claſs of men. The ſame reſtraints which are neceſſary for the people at large are equally neceſſary for men of every order, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, learned and ignorant. May I aſk you, Mr. Bragwell, what is your reaſon for going to Church?

Bragwell. Sir, I am ſhocked at your queſtion. How can I avoid doing a thing ſo cuſtomary and ſo creditable? Not go to Church, indeed! What do you take me for, Mr. Worthy? I am afraid you ſuſpect me to be a Papiſt, or a Heathen, or of ſome religion or other that is not what it ſhould be.

Worthy. If a foreigner were to hear how violently one ſet of Chriſtians in this country often ſpeak againſt another, how earneſt would he ſuppoſe them all to be in religious matters: and how aſtonished to diſcover that many a man has perhaps little more proof to give of the ſincerity of his own religion

except the violence with which he hates the religion of another party. It is not *irreligion* which such men hate, but the religion of the man, or the party, whom they are ſet againſt. Well, you have told me why you go to Church; now pray tell me, why do you confeſs there on your bended knees every Sunday, that "you have erred and ſtrayed from God's ways?" "that there is no health in you?" "that you have done what you ought not to do?" "and that you are a miſerable ſinner?"

Bragwell. Becauſe it is in the Common Prayer Book, to be ſure, a book which I have heard you yourſelf ſay was written by wiſe and good men.

Worthy. But have you no other reaſon?

Bragwell. No, I can't ſay I have.

Worthy. When you repeat that excellent form of confeſſion, do you really feel that you *are* a miſerable ſinner?

Bragwell. No, I can't ſay I do. But that is no objection to my repeating it, becauſe it may ſuit the caſe of many who are ſo. I ſuppoſe the good Doctors who drew it up intended that part for wicked people only, ſuch as drunkards, and thieves, and murderers; for I imagine they could not well contrive to make the ſame prayer quite ſuit an honeſt man and a rogue; and ſo I ſuppoſe they thought it eaſier to make a good man repeat a prayer which ſuited a rogue, than to make a rogue repeat a

prayer which ſuited a good man: and you know it is ſo cuſtomary for every body to repeat the general confeſſion, that it can't hurt the credit of the moſt reſpectable perſons, though every one muſt know they have no particular concern in it.

Worthy. Depend upon it, Mr. Bragwell, thoſe good Doctors you ſpeak of, were not quite of your opinion; they really thought that what you call honeſt men were grievous ſinners in a certain ſenſe, and ſtood in need of making that humble confeſſion. Mr. Bragwell, do you believe in the fall of Adam?

Bragwell. To be ſure I do, and a ſad thing for Adam it was; why, it is in the Bible, is it not? It is one of the prettieſt chapters in Geneſis. Don't you believe it, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Yes, truly I do. But I don't believe it *merely* becauſe I read it in Geneſis. I know, indeed, that I am bound to believe every part of the word of God. But I have ſtill an additional reaſon for believing in the fall of the firſt man.

Bragwell. Have you, indeed? Now, I can't gueſs what that can be.

Worthy. Why, my own obſervation of what is within myſelf teaches me to believe it. It is not only the third chapter of Geneſis which convinces me of the truth of the fall, but alſo the ſinful inclinations which I find in my own heart. This is

one of thoſe leading truths of Chriſtianity of which I can never doubt a moment, firſt, becauſe it is abundantly expreſſed or implied in Scripture; and next, becauſe the conſciouſneſs of the evil nature I carry about with me confirms the doctrine beyond all doubt. Beſides, is it not ſaid in Scripture that By one man ſin entered into the world, and that "all we, like ſheep, have gone aſtray; that by one man's diſobedience many were made ſinners," and ſo again in twenty more places that I could tell you of.

Bragwell. Well, I never thought of this. But is not this a very melancholy ſort of doctrine, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. It is melancholy, indeed, if we ſtop here. But while we are deploring this ſad truth, let us take comfort from another, that "As in Adam all die, ſo in Chriſt ſhall all be made alive."

Bragwell. Yes, I remember I thought thoſe very fine words, when I heard them ſaid over my poor father's grave. But as it was in the Burial of the dead, I did not think of taking it to myſelf, for I was then young and hearty, and in little danger of dying, and I have been ſo buſy ever ſince, that I have hardly had time to think of it.

Worthy. And yet the ſervice pronounced at the burial of all who die, is a ſolemn admonition to all who live. It is there ſaid, as indeed the Scrip-

ture ſays alſo, "I am the reſurrection and the life, whoſoever *believeth in me* ſhall never die, but I will raiſe him up at the laſt day." Now do you think you *believe in Chriſt*, Mr. Bragwell?

Bragwell. To be ſure I do; why, you are always fancying me an Atheiſt.

Worthy. In order to believe in Chriſt, we muſt believe firſt in our own guilt and our own unworthineſs, and when we do this we ſhall ſee the uſe of a Savior.

Bragwell. Why, all this is a new way of talking. I can't ſay, I ever meddled with ſuch ſubjects before in my life. But now, what do you adviſe a man to do upon your plan of Religion?

Worthy. Why, all this leads me back to the ground from which we ſet out, I mean the duty of prayer; for if we believe that we have an evil nature within us, and that we ſtand in need of God's grace to help us, and a Savior to redeem us, we ſhall be led of courſe to pray for what we ſo much need.

Bragwell. Well, but don't you think, Mr. Worthy, that you good folks who make ſo much of prayer, have lower notions than we of the wiſdom of the Almighty? you think he wants to be informed of the things you tell him, whereas I take for granted that he knows them already, and that, being ſo good as he is, he will give me every thing he ſees fit to give me without aſking it.

Worthy. God, indeed, who knows all things, knows what we want before we aſk him, but ſtill has he not ſaid, that "with prayer and ſupplication we muſt make known our requeſts unto him." Prayer is the way in which God hath ſaid that his favour muſt be ſought. It is the channel through which he hath declared it is his ſovereign will and pleaſure that his bleſſings ſhould be conveyed to us. What aſcends up in prayer deſcends again to us in bleſſings. It is like the rain which juſt now fell, and which had been drawn up from the ground in vapours to the clouds before it deſcended from them to the earth in that refreſhing ſhower. Beſides, prayer has a good effect on our own minds: it tends to excite a right diſpoſition towards God in us. But above all, it is the way to get the good things we want. "Aſk," ſays the Scripture, "and ye ſhall receive."

Bragwell. Now that is the very thing which I was going to deny. For the truth is, men don't always get what they aſk; I believe if I could get a good crop for aſking it I ſhould pray oftener than I do.

Worthy. Sometimes, Mr. Bragwell, men "aſk and receive not, becauſe they aſk amiſs." They aſk worldly bleſſings perhaps when they ſhould aſk ſpiritual ones. Now the latter, which are the good things I ſpoke of, are always granted to thoſe who pray to God for them, though the former are not. I have obſerved in the caſe of ſome wordly things I have ſought for, that the grant of my prayer would have cauſed the miſery of my life.

Bragwell. And yet you continue to pray on, I ſuppoſe?

Worthy. Certainly; but then I try to mend as to the object of my prayers. I pray for God's bleſſing and favor, which is better than riches.

Bragwell. You ſeem very earneſt on this ſubject.

Worthy. To cut the matter ſhort, I aſk then whether prayer is not poſitively commanded in the Goſpel. When this is the caſe, we can never diſpute about the neceſſity or the duty of a thing, as we may when there is no ſuch command. Here however let me juſt add alſo, that a man's prayers may be turned to no ſmall uſe in the way of diſcovering to him whatever is amiſs in his life.

Bragwell. How ſo, Mr. Worthy?

Worthy. Why, ſuppoſe now, you were to try yourſelf by turning into the ſhape of a prayer every practice in which you allow yourſelf. For inſtance, let the prayer in the morning be a ſort of preparation for the deeds of the day, and the prayer at night a ſort of obſervation on thoſe deeds. You, Mr. Bragwell, I ſuſpect are a little inclined to covetouſneſs, excuſe me, Sir. Now ſuppoſe after you have been during a whole day a little too eager to get rich, ſuppoſe, I ſay, you were to try how it would ſound to beg of God at night on your knees, to give you ſtill more money though you have

already ſo much that you know not what to do with it. Suppoſe you were to pray in the morning, O Lord give me more riches, though thoſe I have are a ſnare and temptation to me; and aſk him in the ſame ſolemn manner to bleſs all the graſping means you intend to make uſe of in the day, to add to your ſubſtance?

Bragwell. Mr. Worthy, I have no patience with you for thinking I could be ſo wicked.

Worthy. Hear me out, Mr. Bragwell, you turned your good nephew, Tom Broad, out of doors you know; you owned to me it was an act of injuſtice. Now ſuppoſe on the morning of your doing ſo you had begged of God in a ſolemn act of prayer to proſper the deed of cruelty and oppreſſion, which you intended to commit. I ſee you are ſhocked at the thought of ſuch a prayer. Well, then, would not prayer have kept you from committing that wicked action? In ſhort, what a life muſt that be, no act of which you dare beg God to proſper and bleſs. If once you can bring yourſelf to believe that it is your bounden duty to pray for God's bleſſing on your day's work, you will certainly grow careful about paſſing ſuch a day as you may ſafely aſk his bleſſing upon. The remark may be carried to ſports, diverſions, company. A man, who once takes up the ſerious uſe of prayer, will ſoon find himſelf obliged to abſtain from ſuch diverſions, occupations, and ſocieties, as he cannot reaſonably deſire that God will bleſs to him; and thus he will ſee himſelf compelled to leave off either the prac-

tice or the prayer. Now, Mr. Bragwell, I need not aſk you which of the two he that is a real Chriſtian will give up.

Mr. Bragwell began to feel that he had not the beſt of the argument, and was afraid he was making no great figure in the eyes of his friend. Luckily, however, he was relieved from the difficulty into which the neceſſity of making ſome anſwer muſt have brought him, by finding they were come to the end of their little journey; and he never beheld the Bunch of Grapes, which decorated the Sign of the Golden Lion, with more real ſatisfaction.

I refer my readers for the tranſactions at the Golden Lion, and for the ſad Adventures which afterwards befel Mr. Bragwell's family, to the Fifth Part of the Hiſtory of the Two Wealthy Farmers.

Z.

THE END.

A List of the Tracts published during the Year 1795.

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The Two Wealthy Farmers, &c.

MR. Bragwell and Mr. Worthy alighted at the Golden Lion. It was market-day; the inn, the yard, the town was all alive. Mr. Bragwell was quite in his element. He felt himself the principal man in the company. He had three great objects in view, the sale of his land, the letting Mr. Worthy see how much he was looked up to by so many substantial people, and the shewing these people what a wise man his most intimate friend Mr. Worthy was. It was his way to try to borrow a little credit from every person and every thing he was connected with, and by that credit to advance his interest and increase his wealth.

The farmers met in a large room; and while they were transacting their various concerns, those whose pursuits were the same naturally herded together. The Tanners were drawn to one corner, by the common interest which they took in bark, and hides. A useful debate was carrying on at another little table, whether the practice of *sowing* wheat or of *planting* it were most profitable. Another set were disputing whether horses or oxen were best for plows. Those who were concerned in Canals, sought the company of other Canallers; while some, who were interested in the new bill for Inclosures, wisely looked out for such as knew most about waste lands.

Mr. Worthy was pleased with all these subjects, and picked up something useful on each. It was a saying of his, that most men understood some one thing, and that he who was wise would try to learn

12 SEP 22

from every man ſomething on the ſubject he beſt knew: but Mr. Worthy made a further uſe of the whole. "What a pity it is," ſaid he, "that Chriſtians are not as deſirous to turn their time to as good account as men of buſineſs are! When ſhall we ſee religious perſons as anxious to derive profit from the experience of others as theſe Farmers? When ſhall we ſee them as eager to turn their time to good account? While I approve theſe men for not being *ſlothful in buſineſs*, let me improve the hint by being alſo *fervent in ſpirit*."

When the hurry was a little over, Mr. Bragwell took a turn on the Bowling-green. Mr. Worthy followed him, to aſk why the ſale of the eſtate was not brought forward. "Let the Auctioneer proceed to buſineſs," ſaid he; "the company will be glad to get home by day light. I ſpeak moſtly with a view to others for you, I do not think of being a purchaſer myſelf."—"I know it," ſaid Bragwell, "or I would not be ſuch a fool as to let the cat out of the bag. But is it really poſſible (proceeded he with a ſmile of contempt) that you ſhould think I will ſell any eſtate before dinner? Mr. Worthy, you are a clever man at books and ſuch things, and perhaps can make out an account on paper in a handſomer manner than I can. But I never found much was to be got by fine writing. As to figures, I can carry enough of them in my head to add, divide, and multiply more money than your learning will ever give you the fingering of. You may beat me at a book, but you are a very child at a bargain. Sell my land before dinner, indeed!"

Mr. Worthy was puzzled to gueſs how a man was to ſhew more wiſdom by ſelling a piece of ground at one hour than at another, and deſired an explа-

nation. Bragwell felt rather more contempt for his underſtanding than he had ever done before. "Look'ee, Mr. Worthy," ſaid he, "I do not know that knowledge is of any uſe to a man unleſs he has ſenſe enough to turn it to account. Men are my books, Mr. Worthy, and it is by reading, ſpelling, and putting them together to good purpoſe, that I have got up in the world. I ſhall give you a proof of this to-day. Theſe Farmers are moſt of them come to the Lion with a view of purchaſing this bit of land of mine, if they ſhould like the bargain. Now, as you know a thing can't be any great bargain to the buyer and the ſeller too, to them and to me, it becomes me, as a man of ſenſe, who has the good of his family at heart, to ſecure the bargain to myſelf. I would not cheat any man, Sir, but I think it fair enough to turn his weakneſs to my own advantage; there is no law againſt that you know; and this is the uſe of one man's having more ſenſe than another. So, whenever I have a bit of land to ſell, I always give a handſome dinner, with plenty of punch and ſtrong beer. We fill up the morning with other buſineſs, and I carefully keep back any talk about the purchaſe till we have dined. At dinner we have of courſe a bit of politics. This puts moſt of us into a paſſion, and you know anger is thirſty. Beſides, Church and King naturally bring on a good many other toaſts. Now, as I am Maſter of the Feaſt, you know it would be ſhabby in me to ſave my liquor, ſo I puſh about the glaſs one way and the tankard the other, till all my company are as merry as kings. Every man is delighted to ſee what a fine hearty fellow he has to deal with, and Mr. Bragwell receives a thouſand compliments. By this time they have gained as much in good hu-

mour as they have loſt in ſober judgment, and this is the proper moment for ſetting the Auctioneer to work, and this I commonly do to ſuch good purpoſe, that I go home with my purſe a ſcore or two of pounds heavier than if they had not been warmed by their dinner. In the morning men are cool and ſuſpicious, and have all their wits about them; but a chearful glaſs cures all diſtruſt. And, what is lucky, I add to my credit as well as my pocket, and get more praiſe for my dinner than blame for my bargain."

Mr. Worthy was ſtruck with the abſurd vanity which could tempt a man to own himſelf guilty of an unfair action for the ſake of ſhewing his wiſdom. He was beginning to expreſs his diſapprobation, when they were told dinner was on the table. They went in and were ſoon ſeated. All was mirth and good cheer. Every body agreed that no one gave ſuch hearty dinners as Mr. Bragwell. Nothing was pitiful where he was maſter of the Feaſt. Bragwell, who looked with pleaſure on the excellent dinner before him, and enjoyed the good account to which he ſhould turn it, heard their praiſes with delight, and caſt an eye on Worthy, as much as to ſay, "Who is the wiſe man now?" Having a mind to make his friend talk, he turned to him, ſaying, "Mr. Worthy, I believe no people enjoy life more than men of our claſs. We have money and power, we live on the fat of the land, and have as good a right to gentility as the beſt."

"As to gentility, Mr. Bragwell," replied Worthy, "I am not ſure that this is among the wiſeſt of our pretenſions. But I will ſay that ours is a creditable and reſpectable buſineſs. In ancient times, Farming was the employment of Princes and Patriarchs; and, now-a-days, an honeſt, humane, ſen-

ſible, Engliſh yeoman, I will be bold to ſay, is not only a very uſeful but an honourable character. But then he muſt not merely think of *enjoying life*, as you call it, but he muſt not think of living up to the great ends for which he was ſent into the world. A Wealthy Farmer not only has it in his power to live well, but to do much good. He is not only the father of his own family, but of his workmen, his dependants, and the poor at large, eſpecially in theſe hard times. He has it in his power to raiſe into credit all his pariſh officers which have fallen into diſrepute by getting into bad hands; and he can convert, what have been falſely thought mean offices, into very important ones, by his juſt and Chriſtian like manner of filling them. An upright Juryman, a conſcientious Conſtable, a humane Overſeer, an independent Elector, an active Superintendant of a Work-houſe, a juſt Arbitrator in public diſputes, a kind Counſellor in private troubles, ſuch a one, I ſay, fills up a ſtation in ſociety no leſs neceſſary, and, as far as it reaches, ſcarcely leſs important than that of a Magiſtrate, a Sheriff of a County, or even a Member of Parliament. That can never be a ſlight or a degrading office on which the happineſs of a whole pariſh may depend."

Bragwell, who thought the good ſenſe of his friend reflected credit on himſelf, encouraged Worthy to go on, but he did it in his own vain way. "Aye, very true, Mr. Worthy," ſaid he, "You are right; a leading man in our claſs ought to be looked up to as an example, as you ſay; in order to which he ſhould do things handſomely and liberally, and not grudge himſelf or his friends any thing," caſting an eye of complacency on the good dinner he had provided." True," replied Mr.

Worthy, "he ſhould be an example of ſimplicity, ſobriety and plainneſs of manners. But he will do well," added he, "not to affect a frothy gentility which will ſit but clumſily upon him. If he has money, let him ſpend prudently, lay up moderately for his children, and give liberally to the poor. But let him rather ſeek to dignify his own ſtation by his virtues than to get above it by his vanity. If he acts thus, then as long as this country laſts a Farmer of England will be looked upon as one of its moſt valuable members; nay more, by this conduct he may contribute to make England laſt the longer. The riches of the Farmer, corn and cattle, are the true riches of a nation; but let him remember, that tho' corn and cattle *enrich* a country, nothing but juſtice and integrity can *preſerve* it."

Young Wilſon, the worthy grazier, whom Miſs Bragwell had turned off becauſe he did not underſtand French dances, thanked Mr. Worthy for what he had ſaid, and hoped he ſhould be the better for it as long as he lived, and deſired his leave to be better acquainted. Moſt of the others declared they had never heard a finer ſpeech, and then, as uſual, proceeded to ſhew the good effect it had had on them by looſe converſation and hard drinking.

Mr. Worthy was much concerned to hear Mr. Bragwell after dinner, whiſper to the waiter, to put leſs and leſs water into every freſh bowl of punch. It was his way, if the time they had to ſit was long, then the punch was to be weaker, as he ſaw no good in waſting money to make it ſtronger than the time required. But if time paſſed, then the ſtrength was to be increaſed in due proportion.

as a ſmall quantity muſt then intoxicate them as much in a ſhort time as would be required of a greater quantity had the time been longer. This was one of Mr. Bragwell's nice calculations, and this was the ſort of ſkill on which he ſo much valued himſelf.

At length the gueſts were properly primed for buſineſs, juſt in that convenient ſtage of intoxication which makes men warm and raſh, yet ſhort of abſolute drunkenneſs. The Auctioneer ſet to work. All were bidders, and, if poſſible, all would have been purchaſers, ſo happily had the feaſt and the punch operated. They bid on with a ſtill increaſing ſpirit, till they had got ſo much above the value of the land, that Bragwell with a wink and a whiſper ſaid, "Who would ſell his land faſting? Eh! Worthy?" At length the eſtate was knocked down, at a price very far above its worth.

As ſoon as it was ſold, Bragwell again ſaid ſoftly to Worthy, "Five from fifty, and there remain forty-five. The dinner and drink won't coſt me five pounds, and I have got fifty more than the land was worth. Spend a ſhilling to gain a pound, this is what I call practical Arithmetic, Mr. Worthy."

Mr. Worthy was glad to get out of this ſcene; and ſeeing that his friend was quite ſober, he reſolved, as they rode home, to deal plainly with him. Bragwell had found out among his calculations, that ſome ſins could only be committed by a prudent man one at a time. For inſtance, he knew that a man could not well get rich and get drunk at the ſame moment, but he had found out that ſome vices made very good company together; for while he had watched himſelf in drinking, leſt

he ſhould become as unfit to ſell as his guests were to buy, he had indulged without meaſure in the good dinner he had provided. Mr. Worthy, I ſay, ſeeing him able to bear reaſon, rebuked him for this day's proceedings with ſome ſeverity. Bragwell bore his reproofs with that ſort of patience which ariſes from an opinion of one's own wiſdom, and a recent flush of proſperity. He behaved with that good-humour which grows out of vanity and good luck. "You are too ſqueemiſh, Mr. Worthy, ſaid he, "I have done nothing diſcreditable. Theſe men came with their eyes open. There is no compulſion uſed. They are free to bid or to let it alone. I make them welcome, and I ſhall not be thought a bit the worſe of to-morrow, when they are ſober. Others do it beſides me, and I ſhall never be aſhamed of any thing as long as I have cuſtom on my ſide.

Worthy. "I am ſorry, Mr. Bragwell, to hear you ſupport ſuch practices by ſuch arguments. There is not perhaps a more dangerous ſnare to the ſouls of men than is to be found in that word Custom. It is a word invented to reconcile corruption with credit and ſin with ſafety. But no cuſtom, no faſhion, no combination of men to ſet up a falſe ſtandard can ever make a wrong action right. That a thing is often done, is ſo far from a proof of its being right, that it is the very reaſon which will ſet a thinking man to inquire if it be not really wrong, leſt he ſhould be following a multitude to do evil. Right is right, though only one man in a thouſand purſues it, and wrong will be for ever wrong, though it be the allowed practice of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. If this ſhameful cuſtom is really common, which I am

hardly believed that is a fresh reason why a conscientious man should set his face against it. And I must go so far as to say (you will excuse me Mr. Bragwell) that I see no great difference in the eye of conscience, whatever there may be in the eye of law, between your making a man lose his reason, and then getting 50 guineas out of his pocket because he has lost it, and your picking the fifty guineas out of his pocket, if you had met him dead drunk in his way home to night. Nay, he who meets a man already drunk and robs him, commits but one sin; while he who makes him drunk first that he may rob him afterwards, commits two."

Bragwell gravely replied, "Mr. Worthy, while I have the practice of people of credit to support me, and the law of the land protect me, I see no reason to be ashamed of any thing I do."—"Mr. Bragwell (answered Worthy) a truly honest man is not always looking sharp about him, to see how far custom and the law will bear him out; if he be honest on principle he will consult the law of his conscience, and if he be a Christian he will consult the written law of God."

Notwithstanding this rebuff, Mr. Bragwell got home in high spirits, for no arguments could hinder him from feeling that he had the 50 guineas in his purse. As soon as he came in, he threw the money he had received on the table, and desired his wife to look it up. Instead of receiving it with her usual satisfaction, she burst into a violent fit of passion, and threw it back to him. "You may keep your cash yourself, said she. It is all over: we want no more money. You are a ruined man! A wicked creature, scraping and working as we have for her!" Bragwell trembled, but durst not

ask what he dreaded to hear. His wife spared him the trouble, by crying out, as soon as her rage permitted, "Polly is gone off!" Poor Bragwell's heart sunk within him, he grew sick and giddy, and as his wife's rage swallowed up her grief, so in his grief he almost forgot his anger. The purse fell from his hand, and he cast a look of anguish upon it, finding, for the first time, that it could not relieve his misery.

Mr. Worthy, who though much concerned, was less discomposed now, called to mind that the young lady had not returned with her mother and sister the night before: he begged Mrs. Bragwell to explain the sad story. She, instead of soothing her husband, fell to reproaching him. "It is all your fault, said she, you are a fool for your pains. If I had had my way, the girls never would have kept company with any but men of substance." "Mrs. Bragwell," said Worthy, "If she has chosen a bad man, it would be still a misfortune, even though he had been rich." "O that would alter the case," said she, "a *fat sorrow is better than a lean one*. But to marry a Beggar!" Here Miss Betsey, who stood sullenly by, put in a word and said, "her sister however, had not disgraced herself by having married a Farmer or a Tradesman, she had at least made choice of a Gentleman." "What marriage! what Gentleman," cried the afflicted father, "Tell me the worst!" He was now informed that his wheedling daughter was gone off with a strolling player, who has been acting in the neighbouring village lately. Miss Betsy again put in, saying, "he was not a player, but a gentleman in disguise, who only acted for his own diversion." "Does he so," said the now furious Bragwell, "then he shall be transported for

mine. At this moment a letter was brought him from his new ſon-in-law, who deſired his leave to wait upon him, and implore his forgiveneſs. He owned he had been ſhopman to a haberdaſher, but thinking his perſon and talents ought not to be thrown away upon trade, and being alſo a little behind hand, he had taken to the ſtage with a view of making his fortune. That he had married Miſs Bragwell entirely for love, and was ſorry to mention ſo paltry a thing as money, which he deſpiſed, but that his wants were preſſing, his landlord, to whom he was in debt, having been ſo vulgar as to threaten to ſend him to priſon. He ended with ſaying, "I have been obliged to ſhock your daughter's delicacy, by confeſſing my unlucky real name; I believe I owe part of my ſucceſs to my having aſſumed that of Auguſtus Frederick Theodoſius. She is inconſolable at this confeſſion, which, as you are now my father, I muſt alſo make to you, and ſubſcribe myſelf with many bluſhes, your dutiful ſon,

TIMOTHY INCLE."

"O," cried the afflicted father, as he tore the letter in a rage, "Miſs Bragwell married to a ſtrolling actor! How ſhall I bear it?" "Why, I would not bear it at all," cried the enraged mother. "I would never ſee her, I would never forgive her. I would let her ſtarve at one corner of the barn, while that raſcal, with all thoſe Pagan, Popiſh names was ranting away at the other." "Nay," ſaid Miſs Betſey, "If he is only a ſhopman, and if his name be really Timothy Incle, I would never forgive her neither. But who would have thought it by his looks, and by his monſtrous genteel behaviour."

"Come, come," ſaid Mr. Worthy; "were he really

an honeſt haberdaſher, I ſhould think there was no other harm done, except the diſobedience of the thing. Mr. Bragwell, this is no time to blame you, or hardly to reaſon with you. I feel for you ſincerely. I ought not, perhaps, juſt at preſent, to reproach you for the miſtaken manner in which you have bred up your daughters. Your error has brought its puniſhment along with it. You now ſee, becauſe you now feel, the evil of a falſe education. It has ruined your daughter, your whole plan has led to ſome ſuch end. The large ſums you ſpent to qualify them as you thought for a high ſtation, could do them nothing but harm, while your habits of life properly confined them to company of a lower ſtation. While they were better dreſt than the daughters of the firſt gentry, they were worſe taught as to real knowledge, than the daughters of your plowmen. Their vanity has been raiſed by exceſſive finery, and kept alive by exceſſive flattery. Every evil temper has been foſtered by indulgence. Their pride has never been controled. Their ſelf-will has never been turned. Their idleneſs has laid them open to every temptation, and their abundance has enabled them to gratify every deſire. Their time, that precious talent, has been entirely waſted. Every thing they have been taught to do is of no uſe while they are utterly unacquainted with all which they ought to have known. I deplore Miſs Polly's falſe ſtep. That ſhe ſhould have married a run-away ſhopman, turned ſtroller, I truly lament. But for what huſband was ſhe qualified? For the wife of Farmer ſhe was too idle. For the wife of a Tradeſman ſhe was too expenſive. For the wife of a Gentleman ſhe was too ignorant. You yourſelf was moſt to

blame. You expected her to act wisely, though you never taught her that *fear of God which is the beginning of wisdom.* I owe it to you, as a friend, and to myself as a Christian to declare, that your practices in the common tranſactions of life, as well as your preſent misfortune, are almoſt the natural conſequences of thoſe falſe principles which I proteſted againſt when you were at my houſe.

Mrs. Bragwell attempted ſeveral times to interrupt Mr. Worthy, but her huſband would not permit it. He felt the force of all his friend ſaid, and encouraged him to proceed. Mr. Worthy thus went on. "It grieves me to ſay how much your own indiſcretion has contributed even to bring on your preſent misfortune. You gave your countenance to this very company of ſtrollers, though you knew they were acting in defiance to the laws of the land, to ſay no worſe. They go from town to town, and barn to barn, ſtripping the poor of their money, the young of their innocence, and all of their time. Do you remember with how much pride you told me that you had beſpoke *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*, for the benefit of this very Mr. Frederic Theodolus? To this pernicious ribaldry you not only carried your own family, but waſted I know not how much money in treating your workmen's wives, and children, in theſe hard times too, when they have ſcarcely bread to eat, or a ſhoe on their feet. And all this only that you might have the abſurd pleaſure of ſeeing thoſe flattering words, *By Deſire of Mr. Bragwell*, ſtuck up in Print at the Public-

house, on the Blacksmith's shed, at the Turnpike-gate, and on the Barn-door."

Mr. Bragwell acknowledged, that his friend's rebuke was but too just, and he looked so very contrite as to raise the pity of Mr. Worthy, who, in a mild voice, thus went on. "What I have said is not so much to reproach you with the ruin of one daughter, as from a desire to save the other. Let Miss Betsey go home with me. I do not undertake to be her gaoler, but I will be her friend. She will find in my daughters kind companions, and in my wife a prudent guide. I know she will dislike us at first, but I do not despair in time of convincing her that a sober, humble, useful, pious life is as necessary to make us happy on earth, as it is to fit us for heaven."

Poor Miss Betsey, though she declared it would be *frightful dull*, and *monstrous vulgar*, and *dismal melancholy*, yet she was so terrified at the discontent and grumbling which she would have to endure at home, that she sullenly consented. She had none of the filial tenderness which led her to wish to stay and soothe and comfort her afflicted father. All she thought about was to get out of the way of her mother's ill-humour, and to carry so much finery as to fill the Miss Worthies with envy and respect. Poor girl! She did not know that envy was a feeling they never indulged; and that fine cloaths was the last thing to draw their respect. Mr. Worthy took her home next day. When they reached his house, they found there young Wilson, Miss Betsey's old admirer. She was much pleased at this, and resolved to treat him well. But her good or ill treatment now signified but little. This young Grazier reverenced Mr. Worthy's character, and since he had

met him at the Lion, had been thinking what a happineſs it would be to marry a young woman bred up by ſuch a father. He had heard much of the modeſty and diſcretion of both the daughters, but his inclination now determined him in favour of the elder.

Mr. Worthy, who knew him to be a young man of good ſenſe and ſound principles, allowed him to become a viſitor at his houſe, but deferred his conſent to the marriage till he knew him more thoroughly. Mr. Wilſon, from what he ſaw of the domeſtic piety of this family, improved daily both in the knowledge and practice of religion, and Mr. Worthy ſoon formed him into a moſt valuable character. During this time Miſs Bragwell's hopes had revived, but though ſhe appeared in a new dreſs almoſt every day, ſhe had the mortification of being beheld with great indifference by one whom ſhe had always ſecretly liked. Mr. Wilſon married before her face a girl who was greatly her inferior in fortune, perſon, and appearance, but who was humble, frugal, meek and pious. Miſs Bragwell now ſtrongly felt the truth of what Mr. Wilſon had once told her, "that a woman might make an excellent partner for a dance, who would make a very bad one for life.

Hitherto Mr. Bragwell and his daughters had only learnt to regret their folly and vanity, as it had produced them mortification in this life; whether they were ever brought to a more ſerious ſenſe of their errors, may be ſeen in a future part of this hiſtory.

END OF THE FIFTH PART.